As you go about your ordinary day, the world takes a sudden twist. One moment, you're sitting quietly in your cozy room, listening to the gentle rustle of leaves outside your window, and the next, the very fabric of reality seems to warp around you. A bright light envelops you, illuminating your surroundings until everything morphs into something so ethereal, it feels almost surreal. You find yourself standing not in your mundane space, but within a radiant realm of colors and glimmers—Heaven, as depicted in the animated series "Hazbin Hotel."

Strange and fantastical landscapes surrounded you, vast fields of fluffy clouds glittering like stardust beneath a sky that radiates warmth and tranquility. You start to feel an odd sensation prickling throughout your body—a tickling, comforting feeling that sends shivers down your spine. Confusion spreads through your mind as you ponder what is happening;

"What is this place? Why am I here?" you think, your heart racing.

But just as the thoughts rush in, they are swiftly pushed aside by a wave of blissful warmth taking over. Suddenly, you feel every cell in your body change. The skin that once bore the traces of your humanity begins to bleach into pure white. Your cheeks flush with vibrant red circle patterns, and your eyelids turn a light, dreamy shade of blue.

You look down, startled to see those familiar human hands transforming—your fingers merging into four instead of five, the odd sensation tickling as you adjust to the new configuration. "What's happening to me?" a voice echoes in your mind, but it fades like smoke. This ticklish sensation draws every ounce of worry from your being as your focus shifts to the delightful changes. It's almost as if your body is shedding heaviness; every ounce of weight you once carried evaporates, replaced by an unnaturally slender, supple form filled with ethereal lightness.

Amid the brilliance, you feel your hair transforming, styling itself into a chic, slicked-back blonde cut, with coral streaks dancing through the light. Your face, now devoid of visible ears and nostrils, feels smooth and serene. You run your fingers across your flat cheeks, marveling as a soothing shiver courses through you.

Just then, a gentle rush of pure, incandescent joy floods through you, and with it comes a glorious painlessness that grips your back. Wings burst forth, six large feathered appendages adorned in white with golden edges stretching majestically into the air, growing larger and radiating out behind you. The feeling is euphoric; it's as though the very essence of bliss has taken flight with you. With a chuckle of delight, you whirl around, the ticklish sensations growing ever more pleasurable, tickling your insides and pushing worries out of your mind like leaves in the wind.

You gaze down at the luxurious robe that envelops your new form. It's angelic, astoundingly so; a white attire with shimmering light blue rims adorned with golden embellishments. "Wow, this is... amazing," you whisper, reveling in your ethereal attire.

But wait... a sudden wave of coherent thoughts strikes.
"Am I still me?" you ponder, feeling a tug from memories that feel like they belong to someone else. They swirl, conflicting sensations battling against the joyous change. You begin to grasp the truth: moments are slipping past as memories seep away.

"I was just... me, wasn't I?" You question, yet the answer seems dangerously blurred. Everything drains away, and you find yourself surrendering to the sweet pull of this new existence.
"I've... always... been an angel?" you say aloud, realizing the absurdity of what you just spoke.

The ticklish sensation embraces your mind as well; delightful whispers of joy replace the last shreds of your human memories, and you feel ecstatic about the metamorphosis. "Yes! I've always been an angel!

With a clear heart, the remnants of your previous life burn away. You stand taller now—both literally and metaphorically—with every fiber of your being alert to the euphoria that is your true form. You bask in the warmth of your eternal existence, feeling the cleansing light dispel the shadows of doubt.

As you learn about your new identity as a seraphim, a celestial being—no longer a mere human but a creature of light and joy—you revel in those new concepts that flit into your mind effortlessly, as if they've always belonged to you. The realization of your immortality fills you with sheer exhilaration, and the clouds now seem to dance in rejoice around you.

Without worry or fear, you embrace your new identity: a heavenly being born in this paradise; a seraphim with power, grace, and a purpose that makes your heart race with exuberance.

Your laughter, melodious and light, echoes through this celestial realm, blending harmoniously with the soft sweeping winds, announcing your arrival. "Look at me! I'm an angel!" you shout joyfully, spreading your magnificent wings wide and catching the gentle winds.

In this moment, you are everything and yet nothing you once knew. You've transcended; you've become who you've always been meant to be.
"I have always belonged to the skies!" you call, feeling a radiant energy bubble inside you—a euphoria of knowing you'll never need to remember the mundane days of humanity, for you are simply meant to be an angel.

The clouds are alive now, moving in ways that feel personal and welcoming. It's comforting, like a soft embrace. You glance back and watch as some angels fly by curiously.

"Hey there! Welcome to Heaven!" one shouts, an adventurous fellow with flamboyant wings and a grin that brightens the sky.

Another angel, elegant with a regal presence, approaches with a gentle smile, replying, "Oh, don't mind him. We're all thrilled to see new faces around here! There's a celebration happening near the fountain of joy—care to join?"

You nod, the excitement bubbling over as you realize that the memories of anything else are but shadows now—light fading into the brilliance of your angelic existence.
"My name... what is my name?" you ponder, filled with anticipation, and then it comes to you—a name that feels like a sunbeam touching your heart.

"It's Aelion!" you exclaim.

Yes! You remember your name now, as if it was woven into the very fabric of Heaven.
"Come now, Aelion! Let's head to the party!" another angel calls, pulling you along.

With your new wings stretching wide, you follow your newfound companions into the beckoning light, ready to embrace eternity among your kind.

With laughter and joy, you soar into the grandeur of Heaven, and as you dive into the jubilant gathering, you realize you wouldn't have it any other way. You were never meant to be human—your destiny flutters splendidly around you now, and this is just the beginning of your new life where you shine forever.